

THE BEACON



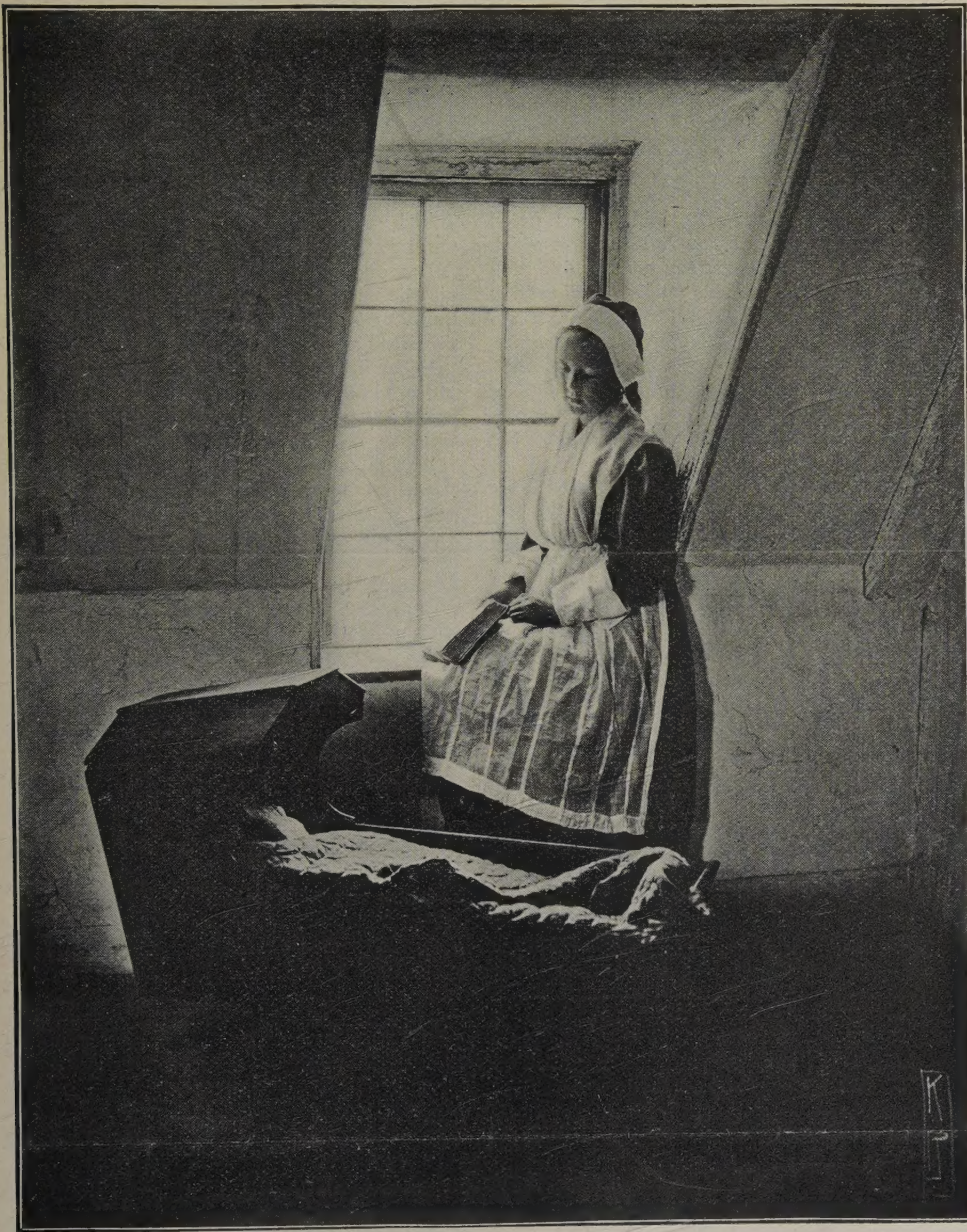
A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL
AND THE HOME



VOLUME II.

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THE LONG-AGO CHILD.

Courtesy of Kindergarten Review.

*In rose time or in berry time,
When ripe seeds fall or buds peep out,
When green the grass or white the rime,
There's something to be glad about.*
LUCY LARCOM.

*America! half brother of the world!
With something good and bad of every land.*
BAILEY.

*"We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometimes guest;
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best."*

*If there be a smile upon our lips, those around
us will soon smile too.*
MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

The Long-ago Child.

BY CAROLYN S. BAILEY.

Out through the window the bare fields
stretch
Bleak as the hills behind.
Cautious and slow through the lanes of
snow
Churchward the Pilgrims wind.
She would have gone, but they told her
nay.
Home, by the cradle, they bade her stay;
Patient and quiet and good and mild,
Reading her book like a Christian child.

Kerchief and apron and cap of white,
Locks in a plait of gold;
Tender gray eyes where old England's
skies,
Shining through deeps, unfold;
Hands that are able to weave and spin
Covers to cuddle the baby in;
Feet that are aching to romp so wild,
Play! Ah, but not for a Pilgrim child

Baubles and ribbons and garments fine;
Dolls with their hair in curl;
Gallant and knight—a bewildering sight—
Wonderful, dreaming whirl—
These are for England. 'Tis wrong to see
Towers and bridges of Arcady.
Mother is coming! The baby smiled
Up through the years on the Long-ago
Child.

Kindergarten Review.

For The Beacon.

Gran'ther's Prophecy.

BY BERTHA BURNHAM BARTLETT.

Part II.

For a few moments the engineer
watched the lad unobserved and ap-
preciatively. Then he spoke.

"You're scientific, I see," he said smil-
ingly and without a trace of sarcasm in
his voice, a fact which the little Irish
boy was quick to notice. "I wonder
how you would like to go into partner-
ship with me, my boy. I am Mr. Charles
Ellet, of whom you may have heard," he
added courteously, as he watched the lad's
bewildered face.

"The man that's going to bridge Njagara?"
stammered the kite-maker.

"The same," laughed the engineer. "Will
you be my assistant?"

"Me!" gasped Walsh in amazement.
Then, soberly, "Sure it's meself as would be
proud to help ye, for I know ye aint makin'
fun, ye don't look like ye'd do that, sir;
but I don't know how to do annything at all
but to make kites, sir!"

"Not even read and write well?" pursued the engineer, reading in the boy's startled face that a crisis had suddenly been reached in the development of his unmistakable intelligence.

"Kitesy" shook his head.

"I've made the big mistake," he said sorrowfully. "'Av coorse it's meself as would be proud to hilp ye, but I guess ye won't be wantin' anny kites flyin' nor made in your business, an' it's all I can do. Sure an' I didn't understand what the ould gran' dad was after manin', or this big opportunity wouldn't be flyin' past me the day!"

Again the engineer laughed, but sympathetically. The boy, young though he was, was the possessor of real character, having in him the making of a man, which after all is more important than the making of a bridge, even so important a bridge as the first one across Niagara. Plainly it was his part to help forward the character building.

"What's all that about the old grandfather?" he asked, real interest showing in his pleasant eyes. "And what had he to do with your kite-flying, or the 'big opportunity' which you imagine is flying above your head and beyond your reach to-day?"

And so the boy told him the story which had influenced his life thus far, and then for the third time Engineer Ellet laughed.

"That grandfather of yours must have had a prophet's faith and Solomon's wisdom," he declared to the astonished boy; "for I assure you, my lad, that by your persistent application you have already begun to 'make your mark' in the world, although I'm free to confess that kite-flying alone won't be likely to make a man amount to very much: you remember this, my boy, it's *only* the *application* you have shown that has made you fit to help in this undertaking of mine. Yes," he assured the delighted youngster, "yes, I shall use you, and your kite, too."

Then he unfolded the scheme by which the great cables were to be thrown across the boiling waters for the suspension of that first foot-bridge.

The new kite was a wonder,—large and strong enough to carry a man into the air, if one was not careful and skilful in the art of kite-flying. Engineer Ellet himself seemed interested in it the day following his conversation with the maker of it, and—as some of the more serious-minded men who were far more interested in bridge-building than in kite-flying remarked—deserted his legitimate work to watch "Kitesy" as he sent it into the air with the evident intention of once more breaking the record by a long "fly."

The wind was in the right quarter, otherwise the task before our hero would have been an impossible one. As it was, however, the monster kite flew straight toward the desired spot across the torrent, while Engineer Ellet watched with bated breath and smothered exclamations.

On the other side, too, men were watching the progress of the big kite, and, watching a favorable opportunity, at last seized hold upon the giant tail and dragged it to earth, the while a variety of comments made themselves audible to those within hearing distance.

And then appeared a strange sequel to the flight of the great "plaything." When Engineer Ellet found that the kite was really secure upon the opposite side of the flood of waters, he quietly attached a coil of light wire to the end of the kite-string,

whereupon the capturers began to reel in the string which, though strong enough to fly the kite successfully, was yet inferior in strength to the wire.

With the wire at last in the hands of the men at the small windlass by which the line was drawn in, the engineer next attached a stouter wire which was also wound upon the windlass.

By this time I scarcely need to tell you the real secret of the engineer's strange interest in kite-flying, and, as well, the secret of his proposed method of bridging the falls, had become the property of the onlookers, who were many, for all this had taken much time; and a mighty cheer arose from the assembled crowd as finally the immense cable itself was securely connected with the smaller wire strand, which should carry it, too, across to the farther side; and in the cheer the name of "Kitesy" Walsh was even more in evidence than was that of Ellet, the engineer.

As for Father and Mother Walsh, the pride with which the people of Niagara viewed the achievement of their small townsman, and the satisfaction of the engineer at the successful carrying out of his plans paled into insignificance before the adulation which they poured upon their son, vying with each other in repeating the "prophecy" which had been so fulfilled, and telling and retelling the story, sending the news far across the seas to the old man still in the little sod house, that "the biggest ingeneer in all Americay couldn't ha' built his bridge across the big Waterfall without the help o' the b'y."

In spite of all this perhaps unwise fame regarding the event which had given the boy "standing," it somehow failed to work to the disadvantage of the kite-flyer. Indeed, the very reverse was true, for the engineer had awakened a great admiration for himself in the youngster's susceptible breast, and, as a result of many a conversation, the boy began to apply himself with his natural persistency to the lessons which Mr. Ellet declared were necessary if he wished to achieve any higher fame than was already his.

Whether in the days that followed the boy ever became, as, in those early days of almost idolatrous admiration he aspired to do, a civil engineer like the man who stimulated and directed his youthful ambition, I am unable to tell; but this I do know, that some years ago he died in one of the Western States, a man full of years, and honored as a prominent and successful citizen, whose fame was more than that of a mere kite-flyer would have been, although, as he himself said, sometimes, with a reminiscent twinkle, it was his ability to do even kite-flying well that started him on his road to success.

A Child's Prayer at Evening.

Father, who keepest
The stars in Thy care,
Me, too, Thy little one,
Childish in prayer,
Keep, as Thou keepest
The soft night through,
Thy long, white lilies
Asleep in Thy dew.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

So high as the tree aspires to grow, so high will it find an atmosphere suited to it.
THOREAU.

For The Beacon.

Judith and the Flower-elf.

BY LOUISE BREITENBACH.

"I just hate the new baby! He's homely and red and full of wrinkles," Judith Convers pouted to herself as she climbed in her white nest of a bed and cuddled down. "I suppose," she went on dreamily, "I am pretty old to be Mother's baby,—seven candles on my next birthday cake and one to grow on. Mother said I'd love the new baby right away, and we've had him a whole month, and I don't like him a wee bit. I wish the fairies would come—and take—him—away."

Now Judith Convers didn't remember—perhaps she never knew—that you must never wish for fairies to come just before you are going to sleep unless you really want them to come.

Anyhow, the white curtains to Judith's eyes had been down only a minute when she sat straight up in bed. The room was all dark except for a bright band of silver on the floor near the open windows. Suddenly Judith saw the bright band begin to move. On, on, it came, right up to her white bed. All at once she saw a tiny elf swing herself off the band of silver on to the edge of the quilt. For a moment Judith didn't say a word. Then she burst out:

"Oh, I know you. You came right out of my fairy-book. You have the same fluffy wings and the same crown of moonbeams. What's your name?"

The elf smiled, and breathed out a long sigh. At once the room was full of the smell of sweetest roses.

"I'm White Rose," she answered. "I'm Queen of the fairies who live all day in the flowers. By night we take care of babies who are not wanted. I've come to take you with me to fairy Babyland."

As she spoke, the elf waved a tiny silver wand, and in the twinkling of an eye the little girl was as small as the elf's finger, and was fastened by a long moonbeam to one of her gauzy wings.

"Where are we going, White Rose?" she asked timidly, as the elf spread out her wings.

"To the nursery first," the elf said in a voice soft and sweet as the breath of a rose, and flew straight to the baby's cradle.

Again she waved her wand, and the baby grew small enough to be rocked in a nutshell. Then she bound him fast to her other wing of gauze.

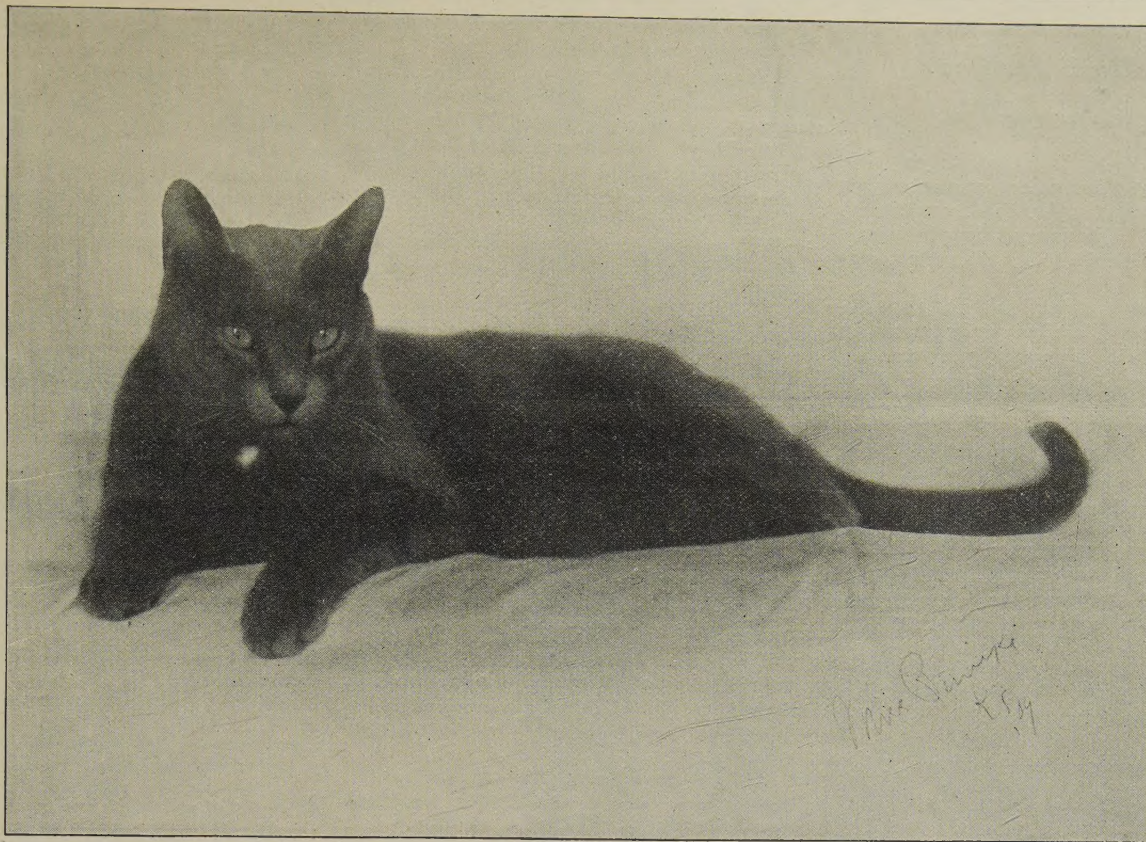
"O White Rose, don't take him away," Judith begged. "Father and Mother love him."

"But you don't love him," the elf said gently. "Whenever fairies hear of a baby who is not loved, they come at night and take him to their fairy-ring. Babies can live only where love is, Judith, and I'm going to show you how the fairies love little children."

The next moment they were floating along a path of moonbeams out of the open window, high up into the air. Swiftly they flew over tall buildings and trees, over rivers and lakes, till they came to a circle of trees which shone silver-green in the moonlight.

Then Judith felt herself slipping down, down, toward the earth like a leaf fluttering to the ground in a wind-storm. Another moment, and the elf had set her on her feet.

All at once the little girl saw hundreds of elves, each dressed like some gay flower,



Courtesy of "Our Fourfooted Friends."

ANOTHER CONTENTED PUSS.

spring up from the green velvet grass where they had been resting, and crowd about the "White Rose" elf.

"I've brought to-night," the Queen began, "a little girl and her unwelcome brother."

The sweetest sounds of laughter instantly filled the air.

"A new baby, a dear new baby."

"Let me take him, Queen White Rose."

"Let me take him, Sister Pansy."

"Oh, I love babies better than you, Sister Forget-me-not."

"I am Queen of all these Flower-elves: you shall see our fairy dance," White Rose explained to Judith. Suddenly the trees swayed in the moonlight, and began to sing a lullaby, sweet as if thousands of sky-larks had opened their throats in song. Then the little girl saw each flower-elf run to the nearest tree, untie a tiny bark cradle, and take out a babe. The Queen-elf held Judith's baby brother in her arms, and the other elves, each cradling a baby in her arms, circled about her. Then began a most beautiful fairy dance. How they tripped and skipped and floated! How they sang and laughed and sang! How the babes crowed and crooned and crowed!

When at last the Queen raised her wand, each flower-elf put her baby back in its bark cradle and swung it in the breeze.

White Rose laid her baby tenderly in a cradle made of velvety green-green moss.

"Kiss him good-bye, Judith," she said softly. "I shall put a fairy in his cradle, and no one but you will ever know. Here is Jack-in-the-Pulpit waiting to carry you home, and take your brother's place in the cradle."

As the little girl leaned over to kiss her brother, the babe opened his eyes, and smiled—a smile sweet as an angel's.

"I don't want a fairy in his place," sobbed

Judith. "I do love my brother. He's just beau-ti-ful."

"Of course you love him, dear," her mother's soft voice sounded close to her ear, "but you mustn't hug him so hard. I'm afraid, Judith, you've had a bad dream, and have been walking in your sleep."

"Mother, Mother," Judith cried, throwing herself into her mother's arms, "I've been with brother to fairy Babyland, but the Queen let me bring him back home because I really and truly love him now."

The Whistling Boy.

I once knew an odd little chap
That whistled the livelong day;
When he got out of bed, when he got into bed,
And between times he whistled away.
He whistled in dumps and he whistled in joy,
Till people would say,
"There's that whistling boy."

One day he strolled down by the sea,
That gay little whistling lad,
There the sailor-men painted him green
And all the queer colors they had,
And they towed him out ever and ever so far,
And anchored him fast by the surf-beaten bar.
And, as past him the fishing fleet daily
deploy,
Men say, "See what comes
To a whistling boy."

So out there he tosses and rolls
And kicks when the porpoises bite;
But the man on the lookout in fog and in storm
Hears his whistle by day and by night.

Then aboard ship the word is: "All hands
ahoy!
Hard a-starboard your helm!

There's that Whistling Buoy."

The Sailor's Magazine.

Twelve Things to Learn.

- I.
THE VALUE OF TIME.
- II.
THE NEED OF PERSEVERANCE.
- III.
THE PLEASURE OF WORKING.
- IV.
THE DIGNITY OF SIMPLICITY.
- V.
THE WORTH OF CHARACTER.
- VI.
THE POWER OF KINDNESS.
- VII.
THE INFLUENCE OF EXAMPLE.
- VIII.
THE OBLIGATION TO DUTY.
- IX.
THE WISDOM OF ECONOMY.
- X.
THE VIRTUE OF PATIENCE.
- XI.
THE IMPROVEMENT OF TALENT.
- XII.
THE JOY OF ORIGINATING.

A third grade in an Italian quarter were singing a song in which occurred the line, "And each a grenadier marching along." But the teacher learned to her surprise that the pupils' rendition was, "And eat your grandma, dear, marching along."

For The Beacon.

The Worm that Flew.

BY CHARLES W. CASSON.

You never heard of a worm flying, did you? You would suppose that a worm just crawled from place to place, and crawled very slowly at that. There is nothing that seems less likely to be able to fly than a crawling worm.

But as a matter of fact, and as I have discovered within the last two weeks, it can fly. I have seen it with my own eyes, flying right across the room. The crawling, creeping thing *flew!*

About three weeks ago my young son brought in a large, curious-looking worm, about two inches in length. It was green in color, and not the least beautiful. It moved about in the usual worm-way, very slowly and very clumsily.

It was put into a box with some leaves, and a piece of mosquito netting glued over the top. And there it stayed, apparently very content to be a worm in a box.

One morning, however, when we looked at it, we found that it was hanging in a curious ball from the top of the box. If a worm ever committed suicide, that one certainly seemed to have done so. There it hung, all doubled up in that hanging ball, without any signs whatever of being alive.

And for over two weeks it hung there, never once making any sign of life. If it was not dead, there was nothing to prove it. It was so tightly wrapped up in its round ball that it was not possible for it to eat or apparently to even breathe.

After several weeks the ball turned quite dark. It might have been choking to death, from all appearances. It certainly seemed as though it had really died. There was doubt in our family circle as to whether or not the worm was alive or dead.

But one morning, when the sun was shining brightly in the dining-room window, a strange thing happened. The hanging ball suddenly burst, and from it there dropped a beautiful thing with bright colors and shapely form and great broad wings.

And that very day, when it had grown strong enough, it spread its wings, and flew across the room, and lighted upon a bouquet of flowers upon the table. *The worm flew!*

To-day, as I write, that butterfly is beside me, on the curtains of my library window, in all its beauty of brown and yellow and black. Looking upon it, it is very hard to believe that it was once that ugly, crawling worm.

But, however hard it is to believe, it is true. And it teaches you and me a lesson that we ought never to forget, and that will make all the difference in our lives, if we are but true to it. If you who read these words remember it, then our *Beacon* will have been really a beacon of light.

The lesson is that every one of us has a nobler self. We are not always just what we seem. The caterpillar was really a butterfly in disguise. And every man, however mean he may be in his life or appearance, is really a very beautiful person, with the power to rise into the sunlight of splendid life.

Think of the lowest, most repulsive person you saw on the streets last week. He was poor, ragged, mean, evil. There was no sign of beauty whatever, and no sign of power. He seemed to be just a human

worm. And you turned from him hastily, glad to get away from the sight.

But you did not see through the worm-disguise. He was really beautiful and strong. Whatever he looked like, he was a child of God. And, as a child of God, there were powers within him that would enable him to become a new creature. The human worm has the power to fly.

Will you not remember it next time, and always, and think more kindly and act more gently?

Dr. Grenfell's Watchword to Boy Scouts.

Dr. W. T. Grenfell, of Labrador, wrote this letter to the Boy Scouts:

"I was reading to-day a letter from a man called Tertullian. It was written to his school, and the letter is nearly eighteen hundred years old. I expect you will hardly believe it, but the school was really and truly to prepare the scholars to meet martyrdom bravely, and not to flinch at the suffering.

"Here is a thing he says: 'An overfed body may be good for the beasts, but it is no use to God.' A wink is, or should be, as good as a word to a Scout, so you know what I mean.

"If you are to be plucky and brave, and 'worth while' when trouble comes, you must keep yourself hard and fit.

"Some silly fellows think that religion is all cant; but, before we laugh, let us show that we can do better than those poor, brave Christians in Nero's time, who went to the schools for the martyrs.

"In Labrador we have no penny, blood-curdling novels and five-editions of a newspaper a day. Lots of our boys can't read and write. But they can endure hardness, like good soldiers.

"Last winter one boy of fifteen was left with two teams of huge Eskimo wolfish dogs, while the doctor and his men traveled off to kill some deer. He was warned not to move, or they would possibly be lost. As it happened, the men got parted by heavy snowstorms and only found a house fifty miles away on the third day after. They at once sent a gang of men to look for the boy. Do you think he had run away in all that long time, and during those dark, cold nights? Not a bit of it! He was just where they left him. That's the kind of Scout the world wants, too—not a man to talk a lot, but one who is loyal and can be counted on.

"If you want a good hymn to stir the blood and pluck of the youngest Scouts, I would suggest one that begins, 'Only an armor bearer,' and the refrain is:

'Surely my Captain may depend on me,
Though but an armor bearer I may be.'

"He may not be big, but a Scout must be faithful, and he's as good as ten men.

"I've had to look old Father Death in the face once or twice, and there is nothing in the world that helps you to keep cool and give him the slip like not having the skeleton of an impure life to weaken you and trouble you. The best thing in the world isn't gold and silver or food and clothing—no, not by a very long way.

"If I left a watchword with you, brother Scouts, it would be, 'Learn to keep your eyes open and to see chances where you can be useful.' You'll have a life then and a career behind you that kings will envy."

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XII.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 9, 14, 5, 12, 13, is a corn chest.

My 6, 1, 10, is a small coasting vessel.

My 12, 6, 2, 7, 3, 4, 12, is of long duration.

My 12, 4, 8, 12, 14, 4, 5, is to go around.

My 4, 11, 15, 4, 15, 5, is to persevere steadily.

My *whole* is an animal of Australia.

STANLEY N. KELLOGG.

ENIGMA XIII.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 9, 2, 16, 3, is part of a ship.

My 8, 5, 2, 4, is level.

My 1, 14, 15, is an insect.

My 12, 18, 11, is a preposition.

My 17, 7, 19, 6, is to pierce.

My 20, 10, 13, is a pronoun.

My *whole* is a battle of the Civil War.

FREDA J. DOUTHIT.

CITIES AND TOWNS.

Each of the following questions may be answered by the name of a city or town:—

1. What the people said to the inventor of alleged flying-machines.

2. What a thievish tramp cannot be induced to take.

3. The lowest part of your foot, the highest part of a mountain, and a common article.

4. A spot liked by sailors, and the first thing they do when they get there.

5. My first is a sound emitted by a cow when she is not my second.

6. What has been very often drawn.

7. A common object in the desert of Sahara and the complexion of the dwellers therein.

8. A village fire-alarm, and how it is worked when there is a fire.

9. A green vegetation and a domestic animal that won't eat it.

10. What New York is from London, and what it is necessary to do in order to get there.

TWISTED MOTHER GOOSE FOLKS.

1. Ingk Loce.

2. Ryegarm Awd.

3. Lispem Osnim.

4. Okoc Bonir.

5. Sims Futtem.

6. Trodoc Erfots.

7. Mot Crekut.

8. Lewili Ekinew.

9. Mytmo Oskons.

10. Pymthu Pydmur.

GORDON ATWOOD.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO 5.

ENIGMA VIII.—Capernaum.

ENIGMA IX.—United States.

EYES RIGHT.—1. Agonize. 2. Terrorize. 3. Memorize. 4. Naturalize. 5. Analyze. 6. Modernize.

READING FORWARD AND BACKWARD.—1. Etna. 2. Eton. 3. Etah. 4. Live.

The Recreation Corner's stock of puzzles is rather low, and we are depending upon some of our bright boys and girls to furnish us with a new supply.

THE BEACON.

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